THREE SONGS.

The Duke of Gordon's Daughters.

Bonny house of Airly.

This is the night my John ny set.

The Duke of Gordon's Daughters.

THE Duke of Gordon had three daughters,
Elisabeth, Margaret, and Jean,
They would not stay at bonny Castle Gordon,
but they went away to bonny Aberdeen.
They had not been in bonny Aberdeen,
a twelvemonth and a day
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
and away with him went she.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
in the chamber where he lay,
How Lady Jean fell in love with a Captain
and from him she would not stay.
Go saddle to me the black horse he cried,
my servant shall ride on the gray,
And I will go to bonny Aberdeen.
forthwith to bring her away

They were not a mile from bonny Aberdeen,
a mile but only one,
Till he met with his two daughters,
but away was Lady Jean.
O where is your sister maidens;
where is our sister now?
O where is your sister maidens?
that she's not walking with you.

O pardon us honoured father,
O pardon us they did say,

Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
and from him ſhe will not ſtay.
When he came to bonny Aberdeen,
and lighted down on the green,
There he did ſee Captain Ogilvie,
a training of his men.

O woe be to thee Captain Ogilvie,
and an ill death ſhalt thou die,
For taking to thee my daughter,
high hanged thou ſhalt be.
Duke of Gordon has wrote a broid letter,
and ſent it to the King,
To cauſe him hang the brave Captain Ogilvie,
if e'er he ceuſed hang a man.

No I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,
for any offence that I ſee,
But I'll cauſe him put off the ſcarlet,
and put on the ſingle livery.
Now word came to brave Captain Ogilvie,
in the chamber where he lay,
To ſtrip off the broad lace and ſcarlet,
and put on the ſingle livery.

If this be for bonnny Jeany Gordon,
this pennance I'll tak wi';
If this be for bonny Jeanny Gordon,
a little is and more I'll dree.
Lady Jean had not been married,
not a year but only three,
Till ſhe had a babe in every arm,
another upno her knee.

O but I'm weary wandering,
O but my fortune is bad.
It fets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
to follow a ſoldier lad.
O hold thy tongue bonny Jeanny Gordon
O hold thy tongue my lamb,
For once I was a noble Captain,
now for thy ſake a ſingle man.

O high were the hills and the mountains
cold was the froſt and the ſnow,
Lady Jean's ſhoes were all torn,
no further could ſhe go,
O if I were in the glens of Foudlen,
where hunting I have been,
I could go to bonny Caſtle Gordon,
without either ſtockings or ſhoon.

O hold your tongue my bonny Jeanny Gordon,
hold your tongue my dow,
I've but one half-crown in the world
I'll buy hoſe and ſhoon to you.
When ſhe came to bonny Caſtle Gordon,
and coming over the green,
The porter cried out with a loud cry,
yonder comes our Lady Jean.

You're welcome to me bonny Jeanny Gordon,
you are dearly welcome to me,
Thou art welcome dear Jeanny Gordon,
but away with your Ogilvie.
Now over the ſeas went the Captain
like a ſoldier under command,

But a meſſage ſoon followed after,
which cauſed a countermand.

Come home now pretty Captain Ogilvie,
to enjoy your brother's land,
Come home now pretty Captain Ogilvie,
you're the heir of Northumberland.
O what does this mean, ſays the Captain,
where is my brother's children three:
O they are all dead and buried,
and the lands they are ready for thee.

Then hoiſt up your ſails brave Captain,
and let us be jovial and free.
I'll go home and have my eſtate,
and then my dear Jeanny I'll ſee;
He ſoon came to bonny Caſtle Gordon,
and at the gate ſtood he.
The porter cries out with a loud ſhout,
here comes the Captain Ogilvie.

You are welcome pretty Captain Ogilvie,
your fortune's advanced we hear;
No ſtranger can come to my gate,
that I can love ſo dear.
I am come for my wife and children,
no friendſh elſe I claim.
Then ſhe came tripping down the ſtair,
with the ſalt tear in her eye,

One babe ſhe had at every foot,
another upon her knee.
You're welcome bonny Jeanny Gordon,
Counteſs of Northumberland are ye.

Now the Captain came off with his Lady,
but and his ſweet babies three,
Saying, I'm as good blood by decent,
though the great Duke of Gordon you be.

The bonny House of Airly.

IT was upon a day and a bonny ſummer's day,
when corn grew green and yellow,
There fell out a great diſpute
between Argyll and Airly.

Argyll has raiſed an hundred men,
an hundred men and mairly,
And he is away to the back of Dunkeld,
to plunder the bonny houſe of Airly.

The lady ſhe looked o'er her window,
And oh, but ſhe looked wailly,
And there ſhe ſpied the great Argyll,
come to plunder the bonny houſe of Airly.

Come down, come down, Lady Ogilvie,
come down and kiſs me fairly.
No, I will not: kiſs the great Argyll,
Tho' he ſhould not leave a ſtanding ſtone in Airly.

He took her by the middle ſo ſmall,
ſays, Lady where is your dowry?
It is up and down the bonny burnſide,
among the plantings of Airly.

They ſought up, and they ſought it down,
they ſought it late and early,
And they found it under the bonny palm tree,
that ſtands on the bowling green of Airly.

He took her by the left ſhoulder,
and oh, but ſhe looked waily,
He led her down to the bonny green point,
Till he plundered the bonny houſe of Airly.

A favour I aſk now great Argyll,
if you will grant it fairly,
You will not turn me with my face
to behold the deſtruction of Airly.

If my good lord he was at home,
as this night he is with Charlie,
The great Argyll and all his men,
durſt not plunder the bonny houſe of Airly.

For ten bonny ſons I have born
the eleventh never ſaw his daddy,
And if I had as many more,
I would give them all to Charlie.

This is the Night my Johnny Set.

THIS is the night my Johnny ſet,
And promiſed to be here;
O what can ſtay his laging ſteps,
He's fickle grown I fear.
Wae worth that wheel, ſhe'l no rin round,
Nae mair the night I'll ſpin;
But count each minute wi' a ſigh,
Till Johnny he ſteal in.

How ſnug the canty fire it burns,
For twa to ſit beſide?
An' there does aft my Johnny ſit,
And I my bluſhes hide.

My father now fae ſougly ſnores.
My mither's faſt aſleep,
He promiſed aft but ah I fear,
His word he winna keep.

What can it be keeps him frae me,
The roads are nae ſae lang;
The froſt and ſnaw are nought at a',
If folks were fain to gang.
Some ither laſs wi' bonnier face,
Has caught his wandering e'e,
Than thole their jeers, at kirks and fairs,
Na, ſooner let me die.

O could we laſſes now but gang
And woo the lads, we like.
I'd run to thee, my Johnny dear.
Nor ſtop at bog or dyke.
But cuſtom's ſic a powerful thing,
Men aye maun ha'e their will,
While many a bonny laſſie ſits
and ſighs each day herſill.

But whiſht, I hear my Johnny's foot,
Ay that's his very clog,
He ſteeks the fa' yeat faſtly tou;
O hang that colley dog!
And now for routh o' ſugar'd words,
And kiſſes not a few;
O but this world's a paradiſe,
When lovers do prove true.